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## WAITING.

"Five years to wait!" Don't do it,  
My innocent blue-eyed maid!  
For the years may last a lifetime,  
While your youthful roses fade!  
While your eyes are red with weeping,  
And watching the tea-chest close;  
Till you sing the old refrain,  
"He never came back to me."  
Five years to wait, while others  
Are dancing the dance of youth,  
And the one, perhaps, you are trusting  
Is breaking his vow, forsooth!  
"I shall wait for my love, my darling;  
Till he comes, for over the ocean,  
Five years, or ten, or twenty."  
Said the blue-eyed maid to me.  
So she wrote her love-letters,  
Or tended her garden flowers,  
Or watched the restless billows  
On the heaving sea for hours;  
While she turned her anxious pining  
Away from the cottage door,  
And waited, patiently waited,  
One long year or more.  
"Tis very weary waiting,"  
Said the blue-eyed maid to me,  
And she glanced at her last new suitor  
And then at the restless sea.  
And she glanced at the roses fading  
In her garden, and she thought,  
Twice come, twice gone since he left her,  
Two years before that night.  
And she married her last new suitor  
Before the winter sped;  
And she wrote to her absent lover  
On the day that she was wed,  
"She hoped he would not suffer,  
That the shock would soon be o'er,"  
And the answer soon informed her  
He had married a year before.

# LED ASTRAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF  
OCTAVE FEUILLET.

## V.

I had the satisfaction of discovering in the library of the marquis the historical documents I needed. They form, indeed, a part of the ancient archives of the Abbey, and have a special interest for the family of Malouet. It was one William Malouet, a very old man, who, about the middle of the twelfth century, with the consent of Messieurs his sons, Hughes, Foulques, John, and Thomas, restored the church and founded the Abbey in favor of the order of the Benedictine monks, and for the salvation of his soul and of the souls of his ancestors, granting unto the congregation, among other duties and privileges, the free use of the lands of the Abbey, the title of all its revenues, half the wool of its flocks, three loads of wax to be received every year at Mount Saint-Michel-on-the-sea; then the river, the moors, the woods, and the mill, and motte in the coudem sita. I took pleasure in following through the wretched Latin of the time the description of this familiar landscape. It has not changed. The foundation charter bears date 1145. Subsequent charters show that the Abbey of Rozel, as in possession, in the thirteenth century, of a sort of patriarchate over all the institutions of the order of Saint Benedict that were then in existence in the province of Normandy. A general chapter of the order was held there every year, presided over by the Abbot of Rozel, and at which some ten or a dozen other convents were represented by their highest dignitaries. The discipline, the labors, the temporal and spiritual management of all the Benedictines of the province were here controlled and reformed with a severity which the minutes of these little councils attest in the noblest terms. These records, replete with dignity, took place in that Capitular Hall now so shamefully defiled. Aside from the archives, this library is very rich, and this is apt to divert attention. Moreover the vortex of worldly dissipation that rages in the chateau is not without occasionally doing some prejudice to my independence. Finally my worthy hosts frequently take away with one hand the liberty they have granted me with the other, like many persons of the world, they have not a very clear idea of the degree of connected occupation which deserves the name of work, and an hour or two of reading appears to them the utmost extent of labor that a man can bear in a day. "Consider yourself wholly free," Monsieur de Malouet says every morning, "go up to your hermitage; work at your ease." An hour later he is knocking at my door. "Well, are we hard at work?" "Why, yes, I am beginning to get into it." "What the deuce! You have been at it more than two hours! You are killing yourself, my friend. However, you are free. By the way, my wife is in the parlor; when you have done you'll go and keep her company, won't you?" "Most undoubtedly I will." "But only when you have entirely done, of course." And he goes off for a hunt or a ride by the seaside. As to myself, preoccupied with the idea that I am expected, and satisfied that I shall be unable to do any further work of value, I soon resolve to go and join Madame de Malouet, whom I find deeply engaged in conversation with the parish priest, or with Jacquemart (of Bordeaux). She has disturbed me, I am in her way, and we smile pleasantly to each other. Such is the manner in which the middle of the day usually passes off. In the morning, I ride on horseback with the marquis to the village, to spare me the crowd and tumult of the general riding parties. In the evening, I take a hand at whist, then I chat awhile with the ladies, and I try my best to cast off at their feet my bear's skin and reputation; for I dislike to display any eccentricity of my own, this one rather more so than any other. There is a grave disposition, which carried to the point of stiffness and ill-grace toward women, something grossly pedantic, that is unbecoming in courtly and ridiculous in lesser ones. I retire afterward, and work rather late in the library. That's the best of my duty. The society at the chateau is usually made up of the marquis' guests, who are always numerous at this season, and a few persons of the neighborhood. The object of these entertainments on a grand scale is, above all, to celebrate the visit of Monsieur de Malouet's only daughter, who comes every year to spend the autumn

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MARCH 17, 1875.

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## For the Hartford Herald.

## DANCING.

**The Other Side of the Question.**  
MR. EDITOR: In the last issue of the HERALD (March 3) there is a "Short practical sermon," which we wish to call your attention to. The text is true, it is a lamentable truth that there are men, and women too, who are guilty of the sin of "flickering and strife, and I look on them as almost the chief of sinners." The thrust against bigotry in that discourse is well timed and suits our latitude as well as some other places we know of. As to the animal referred to, we are not well enough acquainted with it to know of its claim to superiority over other quadrupeds, but we would suppose that if the claim exists, it is owing to its beautiful noise which it makes in singing, rather than to the length of its ears.  
But the next paragraph, "In dancing, as there is no harm in heaven. No where in his word does God denounce it as sin. The war upon it is a silly and senseless war. To the object, it is true that nowhere in the Bible is the word written, 'Thou shalt not dance.' Yet we claim that modern dancing is antagonistic to the teachings of that blessed book. Such dancing was not known in those times, and we think is harmful and leads to harm. Dancing is not now so much as it was in the days of Solomon wrote 'A time to dance.' There was a time, then to dance. David danced then 'with all his might' when he brought up the ark of God from the house of Obed Edom; it is not presumable that he performed the silly curvetting, bowing, scrapping and attitudinizing of the modern dances. Dancing was also performed at the funeral. If the light-footed dancers of the present day will dance as they did then, there will be no harm in it. But will they do it? Let's see. When Lord David brought the Israelites through the Red Sea, Moses and the children of Israel sang a song unto the Lord, saying: 'I will sing unto the Lord, for he has brought us out of Egypt; a stanza and were ready for the chorus the spirit of the Lord came upon Miriam and she 'Took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels, and with dances.' No promiscuous dancing here. And so it was in all the dancing which I can remember having noticed in the Bible, the men danced by themselves and so did the women. There is, certainly, one case of dancing mentioned in the book of God which resulted in harm. I refer to the dance of the wicked Salome, daughter of the still more wicked Herodias. It was her dancing which caused the beheading of John the Baptist, of whom Christ said: 'There has not risen a greater than he.' But 'Sensational clegmen use it as a scapegoat at which to hurl anathemas coined of indignation, etc.' As I am not a clegman, I will not attempt to cleanness of the charge, if they do so it is very ugly in them. I am, however, not acquainted with any of that class. I think that as a rule, clegmen are 'as pure, even as dancers; and we should not fall out with them for saying that sin is sin; nor think because some others sin are blacker than that of dancing that therefore they should say nothing against it. These flings at ministers, Mr. Editor, whether editorially or in lectures, are, to say the least of it, in bad taste; indeed we think they smack considerably of the very sin others are charged with in this same short sermon. But to proceed. 'The men and women who dance, now (the italics are mine) trample the life, the happiness, the very soul of their neighbors to eternal destruction, by the figures of the dance and to the cadence of merry music.' There it is. Members of the church are the ones held up to our view as slanderers, originators and perpetrators of church bickering and quarrels, peddlers of liquid poison, murderers of character, etc.; but the dancers, Oh! the dancers are the pure minded of earth, they are never guilty of such crimes, they are the ones who, by their godly lives, conversation, and acts are lifting high the banner of the cross above the heads of poor church members and saying 'Follow me, as I follow Christ.' Do they not feel that they are thus lifting up the banner of the cross above the heads of the dancers? The fiddle, the guitar, and the dancers trip their merry rounds, they do 'offend God,' especially if the merry rounds are made up of the waltz and kindred dances.  
But I am making this article too long and will close by concurring heartily with the author of the above mentioned sermon. 'Let us, each and all, guard our tongues (we may not add our pen) from evil and damaging speech.' M. M. C.  
HARTFORD, KY., March 6.  
**Youthful Delinquency.**  
A little six-year-old girl in Monroe went into a store where her father was the other day, and slyly approaching him, said: 'Papa, won't you buy me a new dress?' 'What, buy you a new dress, Susie?' 'Yes, papa, won't you?' 'Well, I'll see; I'll speak to your mother about it.' 'Elongation' was the paragraph which followed in the next issue of the HERALD. The father at once saw the point, and the new dress was purchased.—Titleton (Mass.) Republic.  
"Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so?" The sun has been up these two hours. "Well, what if he has?" said Smithers. "He goes to bed at dark, while I'm up till after midnight."  
A happy father at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, is described as having been presented with "twenty-seven pounds of twins."  
Francis Guerin found a diamond valued at 7,000 francs in an abandoned mine at Devil's Table, in Africa, and has taken it to Paris.  
Greatness stands upon a precipice, and if prosperity carries a man over a little over his poise it overbears and dashes him to pieces.  
A man and a woman at Hartford, Conn., have just finished a series of 1,000 games of cribbage, begun in October, and the woman won 502 of them.  
A petrified butterfly was found in a Dubuque quarry the other day, and all the delicate outlines were as perfect as in life.

## THE COURT-HOUSE TAX.

### Pertinent and Timely Suggestions for the Consideration of the Taxpayers of Ohio County.

EDITOR HERALD:—I ask the people of Ohio county if they have not paid the court-house tax long enough? There has been collected from them, up to fast January, the sum of \$51,824.11 for court-house purposes, under a special tax law. The court has assessed a tax for this year of 15 cents on the \$100 worth of property, and 50 cents on the head, which will bring in about \$7,000 or \$8,000. This will bring the aggregate up to near \$60,000; and even then our court-house debt will not be paid, for the county has bonds outstanding to the amount of near \$17,000. A part of these bonds, however, is for the road and bridge debt; but a tax is also levied under a special tax law for roads and bridges, and this is 10 cents on the \$100 in addition to the court-house tax.  
The duty of the county court was to appoint a Commissioner and establish a sinking fund, and require the Sheriff every year to pay the court-house tax money in to his hands, and let him either redeem the bonds or put the money at interest; but instead of doing this, they would let large amounts lay over in the Sheriff's hands from year to year, without interest. For example, \$1,176.21 laid out from January, 1868, to January, 1869, without interest; the next year, \$2,052.42; the next, \$4,649.75; the next, \$8,282.43; and the next, \$11,439.17—thus losing to the county, \$1,655.84 interest at 6 per cent, and the result is the county has now outstanding bonds on which she is paying interest at the enormous, ruinous rate of 10 per cent.  
I ask the people of Ohio county, in all earnestness, to turn their attention to their county finances, and elect such men just as the Peace as will endeavor to bring up the credit of the county, so that, if she has to borrow money, she can get it for 6 per cent, and not be compelled to resort to the infamous 10 per cent. conventional interest law, which is ruining the county. McH.

## MURDER AT GLASSOW.

**Killing of A. L. Hawkins and Attempted Murder of J. B. McCreary.**  
From the Glasgow Times, 11th.  
One of the most appalling and unexpected tragedies occurred in this place yesterday before, about four and a half o'clock, p. m., that has ever stained the record of our county's history, resulting in the almost immediate killing of Mr. A. L. Hawkins, of Glasgow, and the attempted murder of J. B. McCreary, of this place. The origin of the deplorable calamity is traced to Basham's conduct as sheriff during the past two or three years, during which time he has been defaulter to the State and to individuals, in his official capacity, to an amount variously estimated from twenty-five to forty thousand dollars. His securities, comprising a number of the most substantial and best citizens of this county, have recently been reduced to almost penury by the sacrifice of their property as security for Basham. Mr. Hawkins, who was one of the sufferers, had become so outraged over the calamity that had befallen him in his old age, that he had taken legal steps to have Basham prosecuted for embezzlement, and on Tuesday was here for the purpose of looking after the settlement of the matter. He was in a quiet conversation about the matter, and was apparently entirely free from unusual excitement. Mr. Hawkins sat down on the bench on the outer edge of the portico and was leaning forward without a suspicion of harm or violence, and Mr. Murrell had turned with his face momentarily away from the parties, and hearing the sharp click of a pistol, whirled around only in time to see Basham fire, the ball striking Hawkins a little above and behind the left ear. Hawkins without a murmur fell slowly forward and without an effort sank to the floor. The report of the pistol attracted the attention of our people at once, and a great crowd rushed to the court-house from every direction. Basham after firing the fatal shot, immediately made a demonstration of warning to Murrell, and leaped off the end of the portico to the ground, a distance of five or six feet, and began to make frantic efforts to shoot himself, but failed in his attempt to discharge his pistol. He continued to run in the direction of his home at the Shirley House, and on reaching the pavement almost immediately in front of the lower portion of the Shirley House, on Washington street, he again put his pistol to his head and fired, falling heavily on the pavement, and was picked up and carried into his bedroom and medical aid summoned, but he persistently refused to allow a minute examination, and the extent of the injury was unknown. A shot-hole was discovered penetrating the scalp, but further than that nothing was known. Mr. Hawkins was carried to the Glasgow House, and expired in about an hour, remaining in a perfectly unconscious state until he died. The nature of Basham's wounds being unknown, a guard was placed at his house, and up to nine o'clock he was resting quietly enough, with no evidence of serious injury, farther than was manifest in the obscenity of the parties, and his continual refusal to have his wound examined.  
Early yesterday morning one of his attending physicians called professionally a little after sunrise, and discovered that he had eluded the vigilance of his guard and had escaped. He immediately informed Sheriff Frazee, who was at the Shirley House, of Basham's absence, and without delay parties were summoned and dispatched in all directions to secure Basham's arrest. It is not within our province to forestall public opinion by invoking vengeance or advertising to the legal consequences. We have discharged duty in a simple recital of the terrible affair.  
Mr. Hawkins, who was so suddenly hurled into eternity, was about sixty years of age, and one of the best citizens of our county. He was quite unobtrusive and honest, and was universally esteemed by all who knew him.

lithe. Madame de Palme is twenty-five years of age; she is a widow; she spends the winter in Paris with her sister, and the summer in an old Norman manor-house, with her aunt, Madame de Pontbrion. Let me get rid of the aunt first.  
This aunt, who is of very ancient nobility, is particularly noted for the fervor of her hereditary opinions, and for her strict devotion. Those are both claims to consideration which I admit fully, so far as I am concerned. Every solid principle and every sincere sentiment command in these days a peculiar respect. Unfortunately, Madame de Pontbrion seems to be one of those intensely devout persons who are but indifferent Christians. She is one of those who, reducing to a few minor observances, of which they are ridiculously proud, all the duties of their religion or political faith, impart to both a harsh and hateful appearance, the effect of which is not exactly to attract proselytes. The outer forms, in all things, are sufficient for her conscience; otherwise, no trace of humility. Her genealogy, her assiduity to church, and her annual pilgrimages to the shrine of an illustrious saint, which she would probably be glad to dispense with the sight of her countenance, inspire to this lady such a lofty idea of herself and such a profound contempt for her neighbor, that they make her positively unsoberable. She remains forever absorbed in the labyrinth of which she believes herself to be the center, and she looks down to God, and He must indeed be a kind and merciful God if He listens to her.  
Under the nominal patronage of this mystic duenna, the Little Countess enjoys an absolute independence, which she uses to excess. After spending the winter in Paris, where she kills off regularly two or three of her suitors, she returns to the sole gratification of waiting ten minutes every night in half a dozen different balls, Madame de Palme feels the necessity of seeking rest in the peace of rural life. She arrives at her aunt's, she jumps upon a horse, and she starts at full gallop. It matters not which way she goes, provided she keeps going. Most generally she comes to the chateau de Malouet, where the kind-hearted mistress of the house manifests for her an amount of predilection which I can hardly understand. Familiar with men, impertinent with women, the Little Countess offers a broad mark to the most indiscreet bores of the former, and to the jealous hostility of the latter. Indifferent to the outrages of public opinion, she seems ready to aspire to the coarsest excess of gallantry; but what she requires above all things is noise, movement, a whirl, wordly pleasure carried to its most extreme and most extravagant point. She requires every morning, every evening, and every night, a break-neck chase, which she conducts with frenzy; a reckless game, in which she may break the bank; an unbridled German, which she leads until dawn. A stoppage of a single minute, a moment of rest, of meditation and reflection, would kill her. Never was an existence so busy and so idle; never a more unceasing and more sterile activity.  
Thus she goes through life hurriedly and without a halt, graceful, careless, busy and ignorant as the horse she rides. When she reaches the fatal goal, that woman will fall from the nothingness of her agitation into the nothingness of eternal rest, without the shadow of a regret, the faintest notion of duty, the lightest cloud of a thought worthy a human being, having grazed, even in a dream, the narrow brain that is sheltered behind her pure, smiling and stupid brow. It might be said that death, at whatever age it may overtake her, will find the Little Countess just as she left the cradle, if we were able to suppose that she had preserved her innocence as well as she retained its proud profligacy.  
Has the madcap a soul? The word nothingness has escaped me. It is indeed difficult for me to conceive what might survive that body when it has once lost the vain fever and frivolous breath that seem alone to animate it.  
I know too well the miserable ways of the world, to take to the letter the accusations of immorality which Madame de Palme is here the object on the part of her rivals who are silly enough to envy her social success. It is not in that respect as you may understand, that I treat her with so much severity. Men, when they show themselves unmerciful for certain reasons, are too apt to forget that they are all, more or less, spent part of their lives seeking to bring them about for their own benefit. But there is in the feminine type which I have just sketched something more shocking than immorality itself, which, however, it is rather difficult to separate from it, and so, notwithstanding my desire of not making myself conspicuous in anything, I have been unable to take upon myself to join the throng of admirers whom Madame de Palme drags after her triumphal car. I know not whether.













## AGRICULTURAL.

## One Pound of Pork From Four and a Half Pounds of Corn.

Several years ago Prof. J. B. Lawes obtained 100 pounds of pork from seven bushels of corn, or one pound of pork from four and a half pounds of corn. The grain was ground and moistened with water before feeding. A reader of the *Herald* always commences fattening in the spring, at which time a bushel of corn is more valuable in its results than in autumn, and continues a regular course of feeding throughout the season. The corn is ground and ninety pounds of hot water poured on every sixteen pounds of meal, and after standing twelve to eighteen hours, the whole mass becomes thick feed. He finds by measured experiment that the value of the corn is fully doubled by this process, as compared with corn fed in the ear, and 50 per cent. better than meal merely mixed with cold water. One bushel of corn thus prepared, after deducting 10 per cent. toll for grinding, and leaving only fifty-four pounds for the bushel, will give twenty pounds of pork, or at the rate of two and two-thirds pounds of corn for each pound of pork. When pork is five cents per pound he obtains at the rate of \$1 per bushel for his corn. The farmer obtains by scalding the meal one pound of pork from two and two-thirds pounds of corn—he gets 50 per cent. less, or at the rate of one pound of pork to the three and three-fourths pounds of meal, when mixed merely with cold water, which is within less than half a pound of the quantity of meal required in Lawes' experiments; when the same kind of feed was used. In his management there was every advantage of sound corn, comfortable quarters, cleanliness, regularity of feeding and quality of breeding. It may be well to state that he has found the best sound corn double the value of a great deal that is used when badly grown or imperfectly ripened, or more or less moldy.

These facts show what may be done by keeping animals growing regularly from the day of their birth until they are ready for the slaughter-house. There is an immense saving in food by cooking it.—*Agricola in N. Y. Herald.*

## The Necessity of Grass Culture.

The cultivation of grasses and forage plants is an indispensable attribute of prosperity. Why are the lands of Kentucky and Ohio so much more valuable than those of the cotton states, when we can produce a commercial article of prime necessity worth twice as much per acre as their products? It is because we disregard rotation, exclude every other crop but cotton and base all our chances of success upon a single card. In an agricultural point of view grass is the greatest boon ever donated to man. It grows unobtrusively day and night, wet and dry, cold and hot, and furnishes the cheapest stock feed extant. I have had hogs from seven to nine months old, weighing 250 pounds, and yet they have never tasted anything but grass.

The land should be well drained, and if not sufficiently rolling to drain naturally, it must be done artificially. Water must, under no circumstances, be permitted to stand on land devoted to grass culture, else the grasses sown will be destroyed in such places, and "wire grass" will furnish a substitute as unprofitable as it is undesirable.

The proper preparation of the land is of prime importance. I would use a one-horse turning plow, running at a depth of three to four inches, follow with a subsoil as deep as the best double team could draw the same, harrow well and thoroughly pulverize the soil by rolling or dragging as may be necessary in order that the surface may be smooth and adapted to the use of the mower. This preparation is not altogether necessary; in fact, clover sown in the fall or early winter is more certain to catch when sown on stubble, the trash serving to protect it while young, yet this is not best farming, and should be practiced only in cases of emergency. Occasionally we have wet weather in August and September, and grass can then be sown in corn or cotton, and by Christmas a good pasture may be obtained, provided the ground is not too wet for pasturing at that time. The most preferable method is, however, to thoroughly prepare the land as above described; the exceptions to the general rule should only be used when better preparations cannot be obtained.—*Southern Farmer.*

## For the Farmer's Wife.

One of the greatest troubles of the neat and orderly housewife in the country results from muddy boots of those members of the family who have to work in the fields, stables and the barn-yard. The wet boots must be dried, and are generally left under the kitchen stove, where their presence is very disagreeable. Now, to have a neat kitchen, there should be a boot-rack placed behind the stove, in which the damp boots may be placed to dry. Such a contrivance has been found a great convenience. It has three shelves about four feet long, ten inches wide, and placed a foot apart. At one end a boot-jack is fixed by hinges so that, when not in use, it is folded against one end of the rack and secured by a button. There is also a stand for cleaning boots at the front, which also folds up when not in use, and the blacking brushes are placed on the shelves behind the stand, and are out of sight, and when folded they hang down out of the way. The rack should be made of dressed pine boards, and stained some dark, durable color.

## Sound Ideas on Farming.

The following views on farming were thrown out by Mr. Greeley in his speech in Baltimore, and they so effectively cover the ground of successful culture that we give them a place for the benefit of our readers:

1. That the area under cultivation should be within the limits of the capital and labor employed: or in other words that on impoverished soils no one should cultivate more land than he can enrich with manure and fertilizers, be it one acre or twenty.

2. That there should be a law compelling every man to prevent his stock from depredating on his neighbor's fields.

3. That deep soil is more economical than loose pasturage.

4. That deep tillage is essential to good farming.

5. That the muck heap is the farmer's bank, and that everything should be added to it that will enlarge it, and increase at the same time its fertilizing qualities.

6. That no farmer or planter should depend upon one staple alone but should seek to secure himself against serious loss in bad seasons by diversity of products.—*[Exchange.]*

## Renovation of Worn Soil.

We all have lands not worn out, but tired down by continual cropping, and we always have lands that may be said to be worn out, since they are no longer productive. We now want the best and cheapest plan of renovating these lands, so as to grow remunerative crops. To do this, we must have our lands charged with a good supply of vegetable matter to make the land lively and productive. This can be obtained by the turning under of green crops and afterwards a judicious rotation of crops; in doing this, we can only cultivate what lands we can manure well, or such as have not been exhausted. Let us take the lands in the fall, break through and subsoil: in the spring, plow and sow peas about the first of June, and harrow them in.

Turn under the peas in September and sow to rye, and pasture through the winter with sheep; the second spring turn under rye at proper time and again sow to peas; these in turn to be plowed in September; then in October, by sowing one bushel of wheat or oats and thirty bushels of cotton seed per acre, and harrowing in well with clover seed lightly harrowed in the spring, you are ready for a judicious system of rotation of crops—say cotton, corn, wheat and clover. If time can be procured at reasonable prices, it should be used where green crops are turned under.—*American Farmer.*

## "Neither Cold nor Hot"

There is a class of farmers in every section of the country, who wish the Grange movement well, but will not connect themselves with it. Indecisive, cautious, conservative in their nature; they stand aloof, and can never be induced to join any reform movement until the current of popular opinion becomes too strong to be resisted. They call themselves friends of the Grange, and flatter themselves that they are really aiding it, or at least doing it no injury, and are slow to avail themselves of any advantage that the efforts and labors of others may afford them. They doubt the feasibility of the movement, perhaps, think it may not be successful, they will wait and see. And while their neighbors and friends are laboring with heart and hand for the common good, they look calmly on; or watch suspiciously from a safe distance, ready when the moment of victory comes, to seize a fair share of the spoils. Such men, while not open enemies, do the order infinitely more harm. Opposition is expected from certain classes, but not from farmers themselves—the very men the order was organized to assist and protect. An intelligent farmer said to me not long since that he should not join the Grange, for it could not be successful—farmers could not co-operate like men of other occupations, and the movement would therefore be ephemeral. He admitted that the objects were praiseworthy, that it ought to succeed, but nevertheless, because he thought success very doubtful, he stood aloof. If it does fail, such men will cause it, and if all men acted upon this principle, no reform would ever be inaugurated. Such men are not true to themselves—they are moral cowards. Every man is morally bound to aid every movement that he thinks is right, and he will be held responsible if he fails to do so. I am not speaking of those whose conscientious scruples prevent them from joining. There are many good men who do not like the secret feature, and will not join on that account. Others may find other things in the way. This is all right. Let no man violate his conscience. But he who believes and acknowledges the movement to be a commendable one, and will not aid it because it may fail, must take the responsibility of that failure, should it come, for he, and such as he, are only to blame.

## The Dignity of Farming.

Agriculture has been the chosen occupation of the great and good of every age. Warriors, philosophers, orators, and statesmen—King David, Cato, Cicero, Kossuth, Garibaldi, Prince Albert, Lafayette and Washington, all have made their favorite employment. Poets have sung her praises from Herod to Virgil, and down to our own Whittier. The cultivation of the earth was the first, the "heaven-appointed," employment of mankind. "Agriculture is the mother of all wealth." Benjamin Franklin says: "There are three ways for a nation to acquire wealth: First, by war—this is robbery; second, by commerce—this is, frequently, cheating; then by agriculture—this is the only honest way whereby a man receives a real increase of seed thrown into the ground, in a continual miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favor, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry." Washington says: "Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man."

Yet, notwithstanding the encomiums of poets, the praise of philosophers, the example of the illustrious and the fact that agriculture is the foundation of all civilization, it is still an undeniable fact that in many sections of our country, the average farmer is shiftless and ignorant, his farm neglected, and unattractive, fences rotten, wagons and tools rickety and rusty, cattle and horses ribby, and, as might be expected, bartering the best means, choicest fruits and grains for greenbacks, and keeping the offal of his farm for his family to consume. Heaven never appointed man to live and work in this manner.

One of the most disheartening facts connected with agriculture, has been the unwillingness on the part of too many of our farmers to adopt the improvements of the day. It is said that when Jethro Wood introduced the iron plow-share, the majority of farmers said, "the old plow is best after all, it is not so heavy, there is not so much iron about it to break, and, besides, the wooden moldboard won't rust." To show what aversion and unreasoning prejudices exist in many stagnant agricultural districts against every new improvement, it is reported that there are back neighborhoods in our Southern States, where the plowman still fastens the tails of his cattle to the plow, unwilling to own that any other method has equal advantages.

All this is reproach—a wrong upon the highest industry in existence.

We are glad to know that a new era is dawning in the agricultural world. Thought-trained, sharp, incisive thought is becoming the farmer's tutelage; books, pamphlets, and papers are now being read and studied, and literary and intellectual culture is throwing around his home comforts and elegance that by right belong to his noble labor.

For The Hartford Herald.

## CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.

## NUMBER III.

## Trellis vs. Stakes.

We presume profit is the object the grape-grower has in view, and the way he can make the most with the least expense—honestly—is the right way with him. Net profit is a potent argument, and it should be. Now let us investigate the matter, and see where the profit is to be found. We will take one acre of vines trained to stakes, counting cost and profit. As a stake is required for each vine, and as we can't grow the vine to any length, they are planted closer together, requiring at least one-fourth more vines, and three as many stakes, as to plant and trellis an acre. Of necessity, the vines and fruit grow in a dense mass, excluding air and sunshine to such an extent as to materially affect the perfect maturity of the fruit, and making it impossible to practice any system of training and pruning. To train to stakes, we are compelled to cut back so short that the loss in fruit thus sustained is greater than the additional outlay for the trellis. Now for the facts and the figures. It will take 1,210 vines, 6 feet apart each way, and as many stakes to the acre. Vines, at 10 cents each, amount to \$121; stakes, at 5 cents each, \$60; total, \$181. Those 5 cents stakes will last but few years, and we will say nothing of the inconvenience of tying and training to stakes, but will pass on to the trellis. We will erect the trellis by setting cedar posts, 3 or 4 inches in diameter, 6 feet long, 20 inches deep, 14 feet apart, in rows 6 feet apart. Run a No. 14 wire (annealed) 24 feet from the ground, and make fast to each post by means of a small staple or nail. Run a second wire on the top of the posts, make fast in like manner as the first, and the trellis is complete. Cost of trellis per acre: 260 posts at 10 cents each, \$26; No. 14 wire (54 feet to the pound) 280 lbs. at 124 cents, \$35; vines, 8 feet, in rows 6 feet apart, 910, at 10 cents each, \$91, total, \$182. Now, on the trellis, we can grow 6 pounds of better fruit per vine, and with more certainty, than we can 3 pounds on a stake. Now for results: 1,210 vines, 3 pounds each, 3,630 pounds, 910 vines on trellis, 6 pounds each, 5,460 pounds. In favor of trellis, 1,830 pounds, or, at 5 cents per pound, \$91.50, just the cost of the trellis. As to the durability of the two, there is no comparison.

We could say something in reference to the beauty, pleasure and convenience of the trellis over the stake system, but for fear, have just made the strongest argument known to mankind. Dismisses of the grape next week.

J. B. C.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—Take one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, one cup of milk, two tablespoonsful of baking powder rubbed in the flour dry. Flour enough to thicken as other cake. This quantity will make eight layers baked in pie-pans. Flour, water and sugar, boiled together and flavored with lemon, spread between the layers.

Better than anything else, and easily obtained and applied, and a sure cure for chilblains, is to soak the frozen feet in strong warm lime water. Mix it nearly to the consistency of white wash. It will stop the itching in five minutes, and will permanently cure in a few applications. Let the feet remain in until the dead skin will freely rub off. Apply every evening until a cure is effected.

To clean jewelry rub a brush—a tooth brush is best—first on a piece of common chalk, then on the jewelry, dampening the latter by breathing upon it.

When powder gets into the flesh, by explosion or otherwise, it can be re-

moved by a mixture of sweet oil and cider vinegar, in equal quantities, applied to the surface.

An intimate mixture of one part of Paris rouge (oxide of iron) with six parts of carbonate of magnesia is one of the best polishing powders, not only for silver, but for iron, steel, copper, or gold. It is best used with a rag dipped in a little water or alcohol, and then rubbed until nearly dry, when the object is cleaned with soft leather. This powder has a pink color, and was first suggested by the German chemist Thomas Wegler.

ORANGE CAKE.—Three cups sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup milk, one teaspoonful salaratus, three-quarters pound raisins chopped fine, one grated orange, four eggs, four cups flour.

SILVER CAKE.—White of six eggs beaten to a froth, one cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda.

CHEAP, NICE PUDDING.—Boil one quart milk then add three tablespoonful of flour, four eggs, six tablespoonful of sugar, nutmeg. Bake half an hour. If wanted richer add raisins.

CORN CAKE.—Take one quart of cornmeal, half a teaspoon of salt, and half a teaspoon of molasses; pour boiling water upon the meal until a thick batter is formed; then bake in a very hot oven.

TO CLEAN LIME OUT OF THE TEA KETTLE.—Boil in the kettle Irish potatoes with the skins on. This softens the lime, which is easily washed out.

PUFF CAKE.—Two cups flour, two cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, two eggs, two tablespoonful of baking powder; add the milk last.

TO COOK A CHECK OR JOUL.—Having separated it from the head and cut off the fore part, take the check only, clean it thoroughly, let it lie in cold water twenty-four hours to draw out the blood, put into a weak brine, and let it remain one, two, or three weeks. Now parboil it—score and season it for baking. Have ready a dish of beans (if you are fond of the article) place the check thereon and bake thoroughly, and if the operation has been well performed, you have a "good dinner." It may be eaten warm, but is best when cold, even to freezing.

CHEAP VINEGAR.—Take a quantity of common Irish potatoes, wash them until they are thoroughly clean, place them in a large vessel, and boil them until done. Drain off carefully the water they were cooked in, strain it, if necessary, in order to remove every particle of the potato. Then put this potato water into a jug or keg, which set near the stove, or in some place where it will be kept warm, and add one pound of sugar to about two and one-half gallons of water, and some hop yeast. Let it stand three or four weeks, and you will have excellent vinegar, at a cost of six or seven cents per gallon.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

THE KIND OF PORK TO BUY.—Pork differs much in the quality according to the mode of feeding, and it is always desirable to know who fed the pig, if possible, before you buy the meat. Butchers are sometime in the habit of keeping pigs and feeding them on the nauseous and decaying offal of the shambles. It is never safe to buy your pork from a butcher that feeds pigs himself. The farm-house or the miller's pigs are generally fed wholesome, and kept clean; and you may depend on pork or bacon bought directly from them. Pork should not be fat, the meat should be close in the grain, and fat and lean should be of a pinkish white. It is not a very wholesome, or economical meat for a family when eaten fresh, though when salted it is the prime dish of the poor laborer and the most useful meat to every rank of society.

THE CARE OF OIL CLOTHS.—An oil cloth requires careful treatment, and should never be scrubbed with a brush, but after being swept with the long handled hair brushes that are made for the purpose, it should be carefully washed with a large, soft cloth dipped into milk and water—half-and-half; or if the milk is not obtainable, tepid water without soap. The latter ruins oil cloth by taking off the brightness of the paint, and it should never be applied to it. Hot water is also very injurious to it; either of them—soap or hot water—being sure to injure the oil cloth more than the wear of it. When washed over, wipe it off with a soft, dry cloth, and it will retain a bright look. In purchasing an oil cloth, it is very desirable to obtain one that has been made several years, as the longer it has lain unwashed the better it will wear—the point becoming harder and more durable. An oil cloth made within the year is hardly worth buying, as the paint will be defaced in a short time.

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